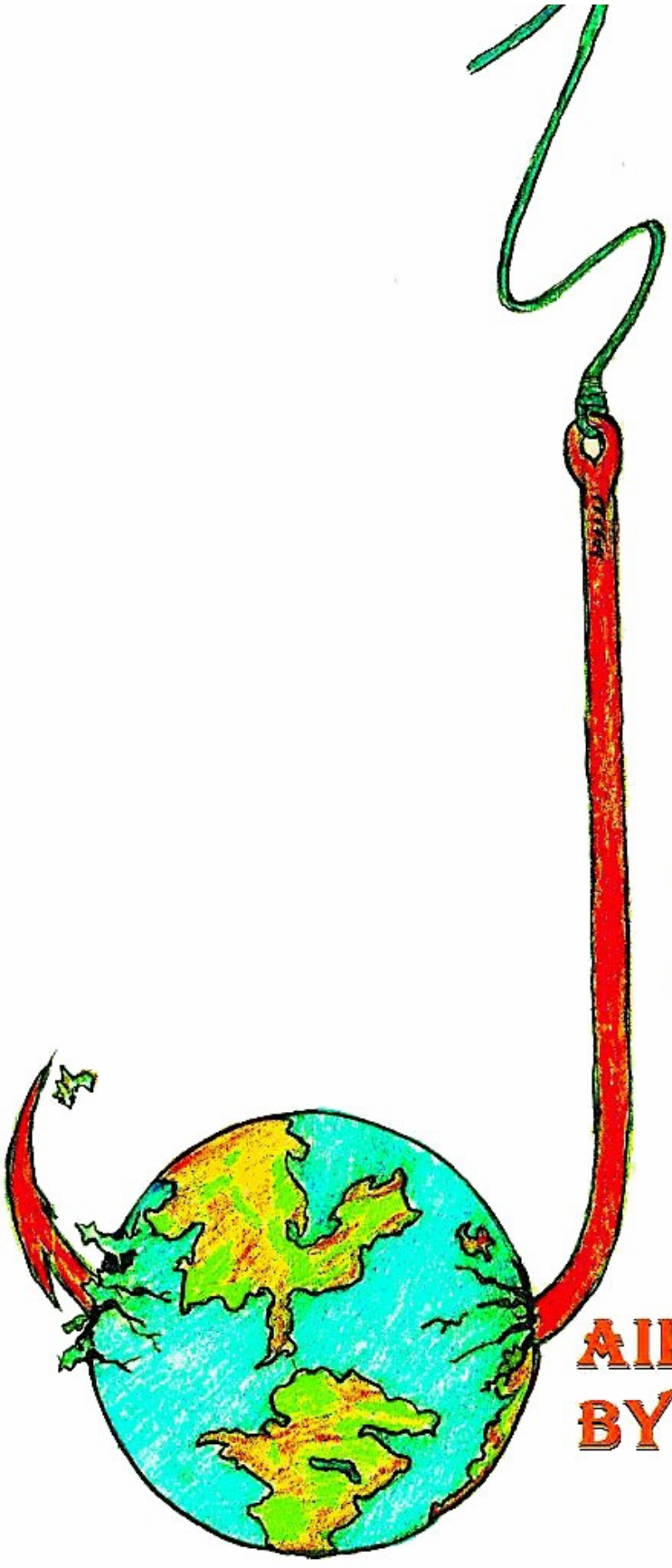


AIKU 2 HAIKU

BY RAY SCOTT

Jaiku 2 haiku



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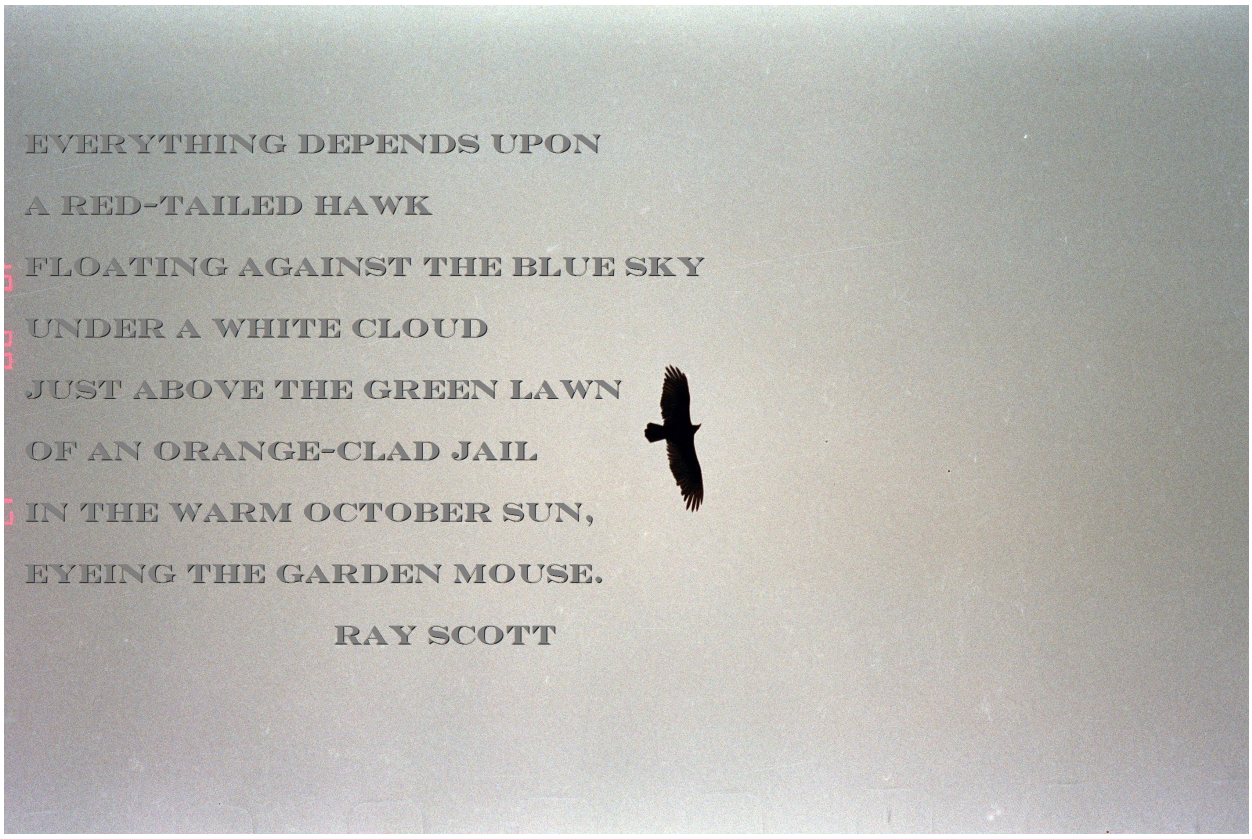
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adapted from The Red Wheelbarrow

Sun warms the wings
after flying near the jail
crimson razor wire.

§

Sparrow sits and stares
atop the stainless steel fence
galvanized blood.

§

Migration shadows
as I stand staring
from my window.

§

Along the jail fence
starlings hang on razor wire
stare at us.

§

Pulling the last shade
of night heading south ,
a million starlings.

§

Playing Scrabble with
their backs to the window,
a red-tailed hawk.

§

First leaf of fall
as temperatures drop ,
letter from home.

§

Facing north
after the snowstorm
windless clouds.

§

Early Winter thaw,
tends to reveal barbed wire.
The gravity of snow.

§

Sleeping on the floor
three to a cell at Maplehurst
sounds the guards make.

§

I hope I never
have to hear these sounds
keys, lock, hopelessness.

§

Homelessness
is a state of mind,
someone else's

§

In his need for words
he had never ever read
1984 .

§

Just when you think
it’s time to go for Yard
short staff lock down.

§

No shortness of breath
among the proletariat
his life story.

§

The old guys
all get stereotyped.
Goof-y eh!

§

I have been here
longer than I like,
without butter tarts.

§

Waiting
for my coffee while
the server eats.

§

Still no wind
this long dreary winter,
solitary bird.

§

Happiness.
Deep insight sorrow,
dry Winter night

§

At the table
they talk about me,
beggars, pimps, thieves.

§

Tomorrow,
my celly leaves
for a breach.

§

At the roof line
blue sky windows reveal
wishes only.

§

Another cold day
snow along the fence
escapes in the wind.

§

A bowed head,
the only one blessing
Christmas dinner.

§

The last six months
should be the fastest.
It is still winter.

§

Traveling through
the long winter nights
at the speed of dark.

§

Criticisms
my mother brings up,
February thaw.

§

Before the eggs hatch
two Geese walking nearby,
eating dead grass.

§

After the search
not even a sound,
outside a hawk.

§

Prison Justice Day.
The silence of history,
quiet August

§

Some months to go
and I'm still dreaming
about vacation.

§

My new celly
shipped to OCI today.
Goose droppings.

§

Stabbed in the back
someone Googled my name,
half-friends.

§

How short was
his life on drugs?
Oxy Moron.

§

Justin Bieber
and orange clad lepers,
his week in jail.

§

All new on the Range
they rush to the toilet.
Kinder egg surprise.

§

Short winter sun
but trees do not care
until spring comes.

§

Dark city nights
are free of drugs and crime
two years less a day.

§

Looking away
is not something I do,
anymore.

§

How many half-friends
did he have upon release?
One hand-butt.

§

Solitary
last question mark,
at his parole.

§

After lockup
orange sun goes down,
tired reflection.

§

Sudden March sun
as the world turns south
towards my release.

§

Sure sign of spring
through bare trees heading south
jets vapor trail.

§

The dead eyes
of your victim's face,
still see you.

§

Out the cell window
new year’s snow has melted
lazy bird flies south.

§

In this cold,
fresh dust seems heavy
on my blanket.

§

Wild turkeys walk
past the memory of snow,
this spring’s first bird.

§

New Year’s Day
along the barbed fence
two white-tailed deer.

§

After three months
staring at the brick floor
Christmas card.

§

Christmas Day,
the search for world peace
continues.

§

I saw you walking
with an empty heart,
and knew why.

§

The pain she felt,
your sister said sadly,
not a brother's love.

§

Ten Day Lilies
outside my window,
dressed in orange.

§

Looking away
is not something I do
anymore.

§

No bowed heads,
you're the only one
at your funeral.

§

It felt like death,
dressed for a night out.
I still can't breathe.

§

In jail,
everything changes,
except the shame.

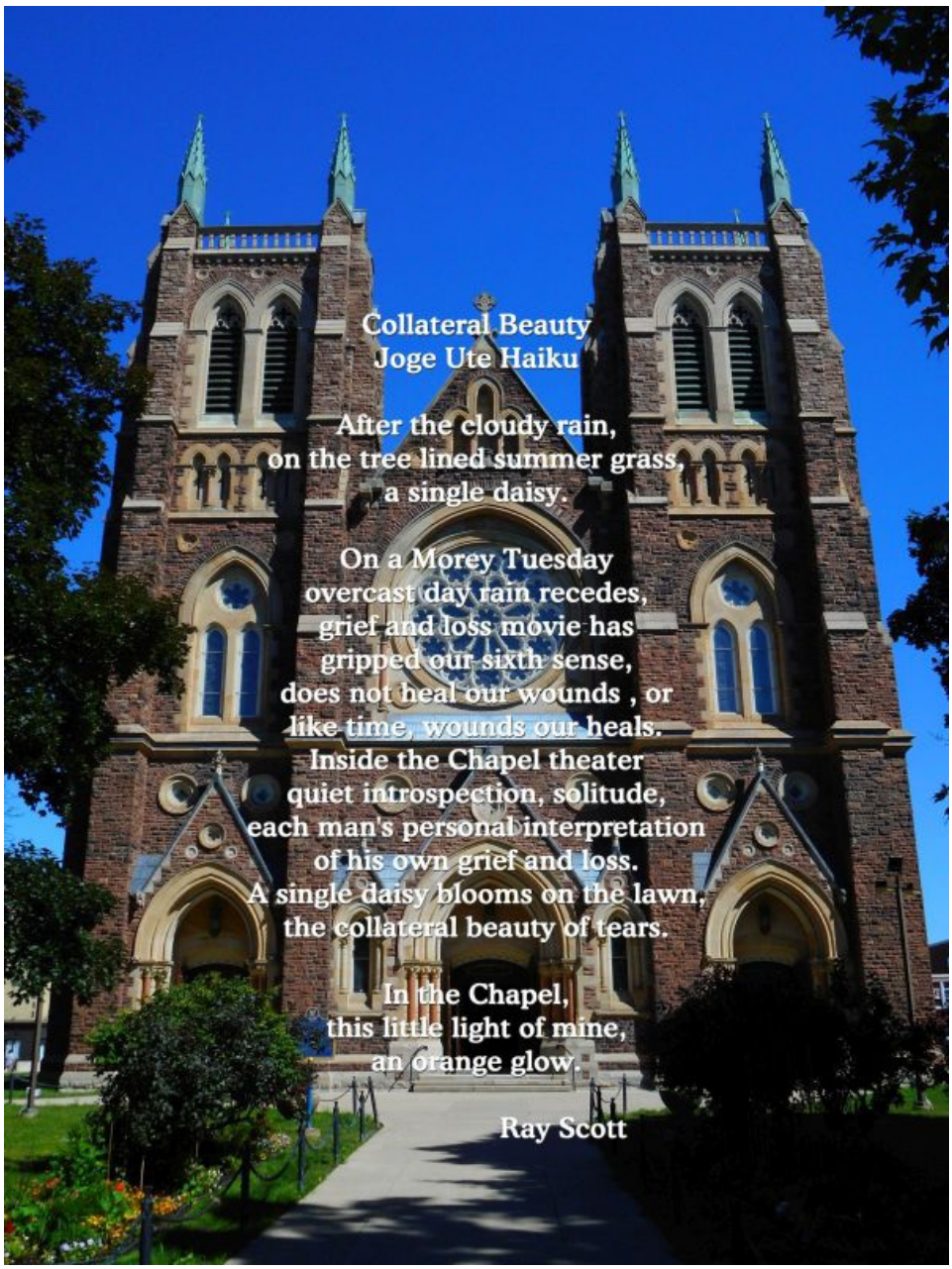
§

The dead eyes
of your victims,
still see you.

§

It's not like love
when the Cupids
are blind.

§


Collateral Beauty
Joge Ute Haiku
After the cloudy rain,
on the tree lined summer grass,
a single daisy.
On a Morey Tuesday
overcast day rain recedes,
grief and loss movie has
gripped our sixth sense,
does not heal our wounds , or
like time, wounds our heals.
Inside the Chapel theater
quiet introspection, solitude,
each man's personal interpretation
of his own grief and loss.
A single daisy blooms on the lawn,
the collateral beauty of tears.
In the Chapel,
this little light of mine,
an orange glow.
Ray Scott

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About the Author:

Ray Scott grew up in Woodstock, Ontario and started on his poetic journey in 1970. He has published four other collections of haiku and a related essay available on http://hmspress.ca